

A Fawcett Publication

HOPALONG CASSIDY

APR.

10¢

NO. 55

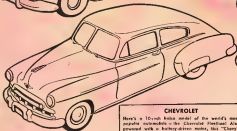
Starring
WILLIAM
BOYD

DON'T MISS THE
HOPALONG
CASSIDY
CASH
CONTEST
IN THIS ISSUE!

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contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment

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HOPALONG CASSIDY

starring **WILLIAM BOYD** and **The UNSOLVED CASE**

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, HOPALONG?

I'M LOOKING OVER THE FILES OF THE UNSOLVED CASES IN TOWN NEVER BEFORE I TOOK OVER AS SHERIFF. HERE'S AN INTERESTING ONE, THE CASE OF THE GREEN TRO! THREE CROOKS, DRESSED IN GREEN OUTFITS, LOOTED SEVERAL RANCHES ABOUT TEN YEARS AGO AND DISAPPEARED COMPLETELY! THERE NEVER HAS BEEN A TRACE OF THEM SINCE!

THEY MADE A CLEAN GETAWAY, BUT WELL, I DECIDE THEY'LL NEVER BE CAUGHT AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!

YOU NEVER CAN TELL! MOST OF THE TIME JUSTICE WILL WIN OUT IN THE END! ANYWAY, AS LONG AS THIS CASE REMAINS OPEN, I'LL BE TRYING TO SOLVE IT!

AT THAT MOMENT

SHERIFF, I'M HOWARD STALEY, THE NEW OWNER OF THE SNIPE RANCH. I WAS CLERKING UP THE PAPER WHEN I FOUND A SECRET PANEL IN THE WALL LEADING TO THE CELLAR. I WENT DOWN AND SAW A MAN'S SKELETON THERE!

WHAT?

(GASP)

HOPALONG CASSIDY is based on the character originated by CLARENCE E. MUIRFORD

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DID YOU SEE
ANYTHING HERE,
STALEY?

I DIDN'T LOOK!
I RAN UPSTAIRS
IN A HURRY AND
CAME DOWN!



WE'LL GO RIGHT OUT AND
INVESTIGATE! COME
ON, MESQUITE!



SOON, AT THE OLD BANKER
PARADE....

WELL, IT'S A
SECRET PANEL ALL RIGHT! I'VE
SEEN IT IN THIS ROOM MANY TIMES
IN THE PAST AND NEVER EVEN
SUSPECTED IT! AND I'M POSITIVE
SOMEONE DON'T KNOW ANYTHING
ABOUT IT, EITHER!
LET'S GO DOWN!



THAT'S THE
SKELETON!

SO I SEE! THERE'S
HIS HAT HERE TOO!
DOO! IT WAS HIS
INITIALS ON IT, WE
MIGHT BE ABLE
TO IDENTIFY
HIM!



"J.G." SAYS, J.G. COULD
BE JACK CARMLEY, THE
OLD FORTSMAN HERE! I
REMEMBER HEAVING
STORIES OF HOW HE
DIED DISAPPEARED!

THAT'S RIGHT!
NO ONE EVEN
KNEW WHAT
HAPPENED
TO HIM!



NOW WE KNOW!
IT'S OBVIOUS THE
POOR FELLOW
GET TRAPPED
DOWN HERE! AS
YOU CAN SEE, THE
DOOR WAS NO HANDLE
ON THE INSIDE! IF IT
WAS CLOSED SOMEHOW
FROM THE OUTSIDE, IT
WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO
GET OUT! THAT'S
PROBABLY WHAT
HAPPENED TO CARMLEY!



BUT HOW DID HE KNOW OF THIS SECRET PASS-AGE
WHEN HIS BODY WASN'T AWARE OF IT? AND WHAT
WAS HE DOING DOWN HERE? I GUESS WE'LL NEVER
--- MEAN? WHAT'S THAT AT THE REAR OF
THE COLLAR?



THEY'RE GREEN OUTFITS---
THREE OF THEM! THESE MUST
HAVE BEEN THE COSTUMES OF
THE GREEN TWO, THE OTHERS
I WAS TALKING TO YOU
ABOUT BEFORE, MESQUITE!

(GASP) WELL,
I'LL BE HORN-
SHAGGLED, HOPPY!
YOU'RE RIGHT!

MAINE CRAWLEY WAS A MEMBER OF THAT GANG! LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN THIS CHEST! (GASP) IT'S FILLED WITH MONEY AND JEWELRY! THIS MUST BE WHAT THEY STOLE!

YOU MEAN THEY NEVER RAN OFF WITH THEM PAUL?

APPARENTLY NOT! THIS REALLY IS A MYSTERY! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIGURE IT OUT! ALL THE LOOT IS HERE, AND SO IS ONE MEMBER OF THE GANG -- OR AREN'T YOU, PATRICK? BUT WAIT! ABOUT THE OTHER TWO! WHY DID THEY LEAVE THE MONEY HERE? MAYBE THEY WERE TRAPPED HERE, TOO!

NO, THERE'S NOT A SIGN OF THEM! THE ONLY WAY I CAN FIGURE IT IS THAT CRAWLEY WAS THE LEADER OF THE GREEN TRIO AND THE OTHERS DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS SECRET PLACE!

AFTER CRAWLEY WAS TRAPPED IN HERE AND DIED, THE OTHER TWO MUST HAVE THOUGHT HE SKIPPED WITH THE LOOT AND THEY PROBABLY BEAT IT OUT OF TOWN LOOKING FOR HIM!

THAT SOUNDS LIKELY, HOPALONG!

IF THAT'S THE CASE, THOSE TWO CRIMINALS ARE STILL AT LARGE! BUT I RECKON IT'D BE IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND... (GASP) LOOK! THE SECRET PANEL IS CLOSING!

(GASP) WE'LL BE LOCKED IN HERE! WE'LL DIE JUST LIKE THAT HONDER!

STALEY IS RIGHT! UNLESS I CAN STOP THE PANEL FROM SHUTTING FAST, WE'LL BE COOKED!

(GASP) IT WAS ONLY A FEW INCHES TO GO! MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO LEAP THE REST OF THE WAY AND GET MY FINGERS IN THE DOOR BEFORE IT CLOSES!







HUH? WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE ON THE ROAD, HOPALONG?

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU! DO YOU HAVE ANY PASSENGERS?



NO!

GOOD! I'D LIKE TO RIDE INTO TOWN WITH YOU! I'M GOING TO DISGUISE MYSELF ON THE WAY SO DON'T BE SURPRISED WHEN I GET OFF! AND IF ANYONE ASKS YOU ANY QUESTIONS, SAY I RODE ALL THE WAY FROM SPLIT ROCK PASS!



THAT HE IS! THAT'S CRAWLEY, ALL RIGHT! HE'S CLEAR NOW, BUT I'D RECOGNIZE HIM ANYTIME!



HELLO, CRAWLEY! WELCOME BACK, YUH SAGE RAT! DON'T MAKE A SOUND! THAT'S A .45 PRESSING INTO YOUR SHIRT!

MY RIDE IMPROVED! THIS GUN-HAPPY DISPERADO IS OBVIOUSLY ONE OF CRAWLEY'S OLD PARTNERS IN CRIME!



REE! WALKING! WE'RE GOING TO FRISCO BLACK'S PLACE! HE'LL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU! WE'VE BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME TO GET EVEN WITH YOU FOR RUNNING OUT ON US WITH ALL THE LOOT!

I HAD IT FORMED OUT RIGHT! SO FRISCO BLACK, THE DANDLER, IS THE OTHER MEMBER OF THE GREEN TWO!



RR, I DIDN'T RUN OUT ON HIM TWO! I HAD TO GET AWAY! E, THE LAW WAS ON MY TAIL!

NEVER MIND THE PRONY EXCUSES! NOTHING WILL HELP YOU NOW! JUST KEEP WALKING!



I GOT HIM, FRISCO! THAT'S CRAWLEY!

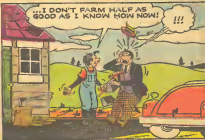
OH YEAH? FOR YOUR INFORMATION—



...THIS ISN'T CRAWLEY! IT'S HOPALONG!

HUH? YEAH? YOU'RE RIGHT! IT IS CASSIDY! HE WAS DISGUISED TO LOOK LIKE CRAWLEY!







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HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING WILLIAM BOYD

THE DREADED SCOURGE

GREENTOWN RIVER CANYON JAIL

"YOU CAN TELL THE GOVERNOR THAT THERE'S NO MORE DOPE PROBLEM IN THIS TERRITORY!"

"THANKS TO YOU, HOPALONG! YOU BROKE UP THE WHOLE RING AND CAPTURED ALL THE LEADERS ALMOST BY YOURSELF!"

"THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT THEY'RE ALL IN JAIL AND THAT THEIR ENTIRE SUPPLY OF DOPE WAS SEIZED!"

"THAT'S RIGHT! AND NOW WE'RE GOING TO TAKE IT TO THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE WHERE IT WILL BE DESTROYED!"

BUT AS THE SOLDIERS RIDE THROUGH THE HILLS WITH THEIR SOUL-DESTROYING CARGO...

WHAT...

UGH...

BANG! BANG!

"THEY'RE DEAD! NOW THIS ENTIRE LOAD OF DOPE IS MINE!"

TWO... PLOP

THE BRILLIANT HOPALONG IS CORRECT. FOR THE DOGS ABOUT RUMBLE, MIGHT OVER TO THE BACK ROOM OF LUKE RIDGE'S GAMBLING CASINO!

WHO ARE YOU DOING HERE NOW? DIDN'T I TELL YOU NEVER TO COME FOR DOGS IN THE COUNTRY?

I COULDN'T HELP IT, LUKE! HOPALONG TOOK AWAY THE STUFF I HAD AND I'VE BEEN GOING CRAZY FOR THE WANT OF IT!



WHAT? HOPALONG TOOK AWAY THE STUFF YOU HAD?

THAT'S RIGHT! HE LOOKED ME UP AND TRIED TO MAKE ME TELL HIM WHO WAS SELLING IT TO ME! BUT I WOULDN'T TALK!



LUCKY FOR ME, CASSIDY FORGOT TO LOCK THE CELL DOOR OR I'D STILL BE THERE! NOW ONE ME!

HOW? WHY, YOU FOOL! HOPALONG DOESN'T FORGET! THINK LIKE THAT! HE TRICKED YOU SO HE COULD FOLLOW YOU HERE!



AREN'T YOU ARE, RIDGE!

(GULP!)

CASSIDY!

YOU'RE PRETTY CLEVER, HOPALONG! YES, I'M THE ONE WHO KILLED THOSE TWO SOLDIERS AND SPOLE THE DOGS! BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT BECAUSE I'VE GOT THE DROP ON YOU, AND I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!



I'VE GOT DIFFERENT IDEAS ABOUT THAT!

HE SHOT MY GUN AWAY!



I GAVE UP HOPALONG!

PUT YOUR HANDS UP, TOO, RIDGE! AND DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS OR YOU'LL NEVER GET TO THE JAILHOUSE!



ENTER-- WELL, WELLBITE, THIS TIME, I'M POSITIVE THE GOOD MAN IS OVER! RIDGE IS IN JAIL, AND WITH THE COVER-UP'S PERMISSION, I'VE ALREADY DESTROYED ALL OF THAT EVIL DOGS!



TWIN RIVER IS SHORE LUCKY IT WAS YOU AROUND TO PROTECT US, HOPPY!



\$25
IN CASH
PRIZES

HOPALONG CASSIDY'S

TRAIL TWISTER CONTEST #3

FIRST PRIZE \$10
SECOND PRIZE \$5
THIRD PRIZE \$3
FOURTH TO TENTH PRIZES \$1 EACH

Here it is, partners, another opportunity to win one of the cash prizes! All you have to do is to write down the answer to the TRAIL TWISTER below and state in 25 words or less why Hopalong Cassidy is your favorite cowboy hero.



HOWDY, PALS! TRY THIS
MONTH'S TRAIL TWISTER!
WHY DO COWBOYS HAVE
HEELS ON THEIR BOOTS?
DO YOU KNOW THE ANSWER?

HERE ARE THE SIMPLE RULES:

1. The contest closes Mar. 13, 1952. No entry will be honored if postmarked later than this date.
2. Each entry must be accompanied by the coupon at the bottom of this page. Fill in the answers on the coupon along with your name and address and make sure you mail it to the proper address listed below.
3. Winners will not be a consideration in judging the contest but entries must be eligible to be considered. Skill in answering the questions and in stating why Hopalong Cassidy is your favorite cowboy will be most important factors in awarding the prizes.
4. Anyone in the United States or its possessions may enter the contest except employees of Fawcett Publications or members of their families.
5. All entries become the property of Fawcett Publications.
6. In case of a tie duplicate prizes will be awarded the winners.
7. The editors of this magazine will be the sole judges of this contest and their decisions will be final.

COUPON

SEND YOUR ENTRIES TO
HOPALONG CASSIDY'S TRAIL TWISTER CONTEST
FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, INC.
FAWCETT PLACE, GREENWICH, CONN.

Cowboys have heels on their boots.

Hopalong Cassidy is my favorite cowboy because

Name _____ Age _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____
ZIP _____

GIVE YOURSELF A CHANCE TO LASSO A VALUABLE PRIZE. WINNERS OF THIS MONTH'S CONTEST WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN THE OCT. 1952 ISSUE OF HOPALONG CASSIDY.

NO GUNS, PLEASE

By Clement Good

FORT LOOKOUT was a walled city. That's what made the new sheriff's plan feasible. And that's what gave Black Mike his idea for one of the neatest crimes in all the lawless history of the frontier.

In earlier days, when Indian uprisings had been frequent and terrible, Fort Lookout had been built as a huge army post. High and sturdy stockade walls formed an unbroken barrier on its four sides, with the only entrance being the heavy timbered gate on the east. Now that the Indians were no longer a menace, the army had moved out, and Fort Lookout had become a fairly typical cowtown where the neighboring ranchers, miners, traders and trappers came to do their business—and to have a little fun on Saturday nights.

Unfortunately, the "fun" all too often became tragedy when a poker game or a dance hall quarrel wound up with gunplay. Hy Green, the new sheriff, decided to do something about this and he shocked and astonished everybody when he hung the big sign on the gate:

NO GUNS ALLOWED

Some of the business men protested to the sheriff that this was unthinkable, but he responded firmly, "Friends, there's just no need for guns in this town except in the hands of the peace officer. Too many good men are lying under the sod just because one or another galeot went trigger-happy in the midst of a Saturday night spree. You fellows elected me to keep the peace and I aim to do it. Now I want all weapons checked in my office. When any of you go out of town into the rough country, you can pick up your firearms on the way out—and then check them with me on your way back. We'll put an end to these needless killings right pronto!"

There was considerable grumbling, but quite a number of the citizens saw logic in the sheriff's plan and were along willingly. The guns

were collected, and the townspeople were disarmed. And Black Mike heard about it and an evil grin spread over his coarse face.

Black Mike was the leader of a trio of thieves who lived in a shack in the foothills, a few miles northeast of Fort Lookout. Their business was masked robbery on the highways. In a strict legal sense they were not outlaws, for nothing had ever been proved against them.

"Boys, did you hear about the new law over in town—no guns allowed?" asked Mike.

"Sure we heard about it," said Scar Check.

"What's it to us?" asked Silver.

"It means, boys, that this Saturday night we're going to pull the slickest job ever known, we're going to make a haul that'll keep us rich and happy for life. Then we'll head across the border to enjoy it."

"Sounds like a pipe dream!" grunted Silver. "You're sure you haven't been chewing on loco weed?"

"What's the dodge?" asked Scar Check.

"This is it," asserted Black Mike. "The sheriff is disarming everybody that is in or goes in to Fort Lookout. Nobody in there is allowed to have a gun, except him. That means we can go in there Saturday night, take our six-shooters with us, and rob every man in the place without anybody to say boo!"

"What about the sheriff?"

"We'll take care of him first! He won't be expecting any hoppers with guns. It'll be easy. Now the first thing is this. You, Scar Check—you sashay into town today and find out if it's really true that nobody's got a gun in there. We don't want to take any chances."

After a few further instructions, Scar Check headed for town. He wore one gun in a holster at his hip. He had another in a shoulder holster, hidden by his jacket, and a third taped to the skin of his leg, the bulge hidden by his chaps. He approached the big gate to Fort Lookout, read the sign about guns being pro-

hibited, and meekly surrendered his visible weapon to the sheriff. But Hy Green wasn't to be taken in that easily. He "frisked" Scar Cheek, and easily located the pistol in the shoulder holster.

And then, as the thief started to walk on by, what seemed to be a horseshoe-shaped watch charm dangling from the sheriff's vest leaped and attached itself to Scar's pants' leg, just where the third gun was taped to his leg. Hy Green retrieved his watch charm and said, "All right, Scar Cheek, let's have that other gun. Pronto!"

The thief grumbled but pulled out the third gun and surrendered it. He was then permitted to enter town, where he stayed about an hour. He returned to the gate, retrieved his three weapons, and rode off toward the foothills. His report to Black Mike was pessimistic. "There's only one thing wrong with your fine scheme for robbing up the whole town. You can't possibly get a gun past that new sheriff. Seems like he's got eyes that can see right through you."

He related his experience in detail and when he mentioned the watch charm, Black Mike exclaimed, "Ha! A magnet! He can use it to tell if you've got any kind of metal on you. That lawman is smarter than I gave him credit for!"

"So the whole dodge is off, eh?" asked Silver.

"Not on your life!" retorted Black Mike. "It happens I'm even smarter than the sheriff!"

Black Mike's idea was refreshingly simple. He and his confederates rode to the southeast corner of the stockade in the black of Saturday night and tossed guns and ammunition over the wall, to land with a soft thud in the weedy patch on the inside. Then they rode easily around to the gate, submitted to the sheriff's inspection, and entered the walled city, unarmed.

It was then a simple matter for them to pick up the guns they had thrown over the wall, hide them under their coats, and be ready for the big haul. Black Mike whispered, "Now we've got to take care of the sheriff first. He's the only armed man in town. Quiet like, that's

the way to do it."

The three sauntered up to where the lawman was on duty at the gate. Black Mike maneuvered up to where he could jab his pistol against Hy Green's back. "Raise 'em, sheriff!" he snarled. The lawman raised his hands without a word.

"Lift his guns out and throw 'em away, Scar Cheek," ordered Black Mike. His henchman obeyed.

"Now march in front of me, lawman!" ordered Black Mike. "We're going up to the town square and put you on display." With a muscle prodding his back, the sheriff meekly obeyed. In the town square, dozens of merry-makers gasped, horrified, as they saw the sheriff ordered up on a platform at gunpoint. Black Mike made a little speech. He said, "Folks, nobody here has a weapon except me and my buddies. We want all your money, all your valuables. If nobody makes a fuss, nobody will get hurt."

Suddenly the sheriff lowered his hands and said, "Folks, you're all witnesses. I charge these men with attempted armed robbery!"

BLACK MIKE was astonished, but not too astonished to squeeze his trigger. There was a click. He squeezed again and got another click. In a rage he lashed his pistol at the sheriff, trying to gun whip him. But Hy Green's flashing left fist caught Black Mike in the jaw and laid him out. As the other two thieves rushed him, the lawman battered them down with his fists.

A few moments later, all three were handcuffed and heading staggily toward the jailhouse. Black Mike grumbled, "You were mighty lucky, Mr. Lawman. If my gun hadn't misfired, you'd be . . ."

"Luck is what you make it," interrupted Green. "Your gun didn't misfire. The chambers were empty. You see, I figured some smart homies would think of throwing his guns over the stockade, so I had special deputies patrolling along the fence. As soon as your guns landed, they took all the bullets out. You see, I really don't object to anyone carrying a gun—if he has no bullets!"

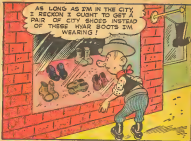
THE END

BIRD BRAIN

--SHOE CRAZY!



AS LONG AS I'M IN THE CITY I RECKON I OUGHT TO GET A PAIR OF CITY SHOES INSTEAD OF THESE HWAR BOOTS I'M WEARING!



I WANT A PAIR OF SHOES!

CERTAINLY! SIT DOWN AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!



I WANT A GOOD STRONG PAIR OF SHOES, SEE S! NICE LOOKING, TOO!

YES, SIR! I HAVE JUST WHAT YOU WANT!



HERE'S A VERY STRONG SHOE! AND EXTREMELY GOOD LOOKING, TOO! AND VERY POPULAR!

POPULAR?



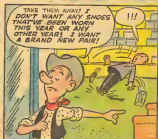
OH, YES! IT HAS BEEN WORN A GREAT DEAL THIS YEAR!

WHAT?



TAKE THEM AWAY! I DON'T WANT ANY SHOES THAT'VE BEEN WORN THIS YEAR OR ANY OTHER YEAR! I WANT A BRAND NEW PAIR!

!!!



HOPALONG CASSIDY

Starring
WILLIAM BOYD

and The Secret of The
**STOLEN
STAGE-
COACHES!**

HOPALONG, YOU'VE GOT TO
HELP ME! I PUT ON A NIGHT
WATCHMAN TO GUARD MY STAGE-
COACHES AFTER TWO OF THEM
HAD BEEN STOLEN LAST WEEK
AND NOW THIS MORNING
I FOUND THE REST OF
THE COACHES GONE—
AND THE WATCHMAN,
TOO!

WHAT! THE
WATCHMAN
IS GONE,
TOO?

NOTHING
TOO!

YES! I'M AFRAID
THE CROOKS KIDNAP
HIM AND PUNISH
HIS BODY
SOMEWHAT!

WHY DIDN'T
YOU TELL ME
LAST WEEK
THAT TWO OF
YOUR COACHES
WERE STOLEN,
HAYWELL?

I THOUGHT THAT MAYBE IT WAS
A PRACTICAL JOKE! OR THAT
SOMEONE HAD JUST
BORROWED THEM.
INTENDING TO
BRING THEM
BACK!

ROBBERY
IS NO JOKE!
YOU SHOULD
HAVE REPORTED
IT RIGHT
AWAY!

BUT THERE'S NO SENSE WASTING
TIME TALKING ABOUT IT NOW!
LET'S GET OVER TO YOUR PLACE
TO SEE IF WE CAN FIND
ANY CLUES!

ALL RIGHT,
HOPALONG!







LET'S TIE HIM UP AND PUT HIM
INTHE SACK THE MORNING!
THEY, AS WE PASS THROUGH
THE HILLS ON OUR WAY TO
HARWELL, WE CAN SHOOT
HIM AND THROW HIM OVER
THE CLIFF!



IN A FEW MOMENTS ----

GOSE HIM IN THE CORNER AND LET'S
FINISH PAINTING HARDELL'S COACHES
SO WE CAN HAVE THEM READY FOR HIM
IN THE MORNING! HEH, WE DON'T
WANT TO DISAPPOINT SUCH A
GOOD CUSTOMER!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING ----

THUNDER ALL FINISHED! HE'LL NEVER
KNOW HE
BOUGHT HIS
OWN COACHES
FROM US!



DO PICK UP HOPALONG!
DON'T FORGET, WE HAVE
TO KILL HIM AND GET
RID OF HIS BODY
IN THE HILLS!

I'LL STAY HERE
AND WAIT FOR
MY SHARE OF
THE HAUL!



AS THE COACH DAWDAN PASSES
THROUGH THE HILLS ----



THIS IS THE SPOT.
LET'S GET THAT SACK
WITH HOPALONG IN
IT OUT OF THE
COACH!

HE'LL NEVER
H BE TO TROUBLE
ABOUT THE LAWROS
AGAIN!

YUH
SAID
IT!



WATCH HIS EMPTY
MIND-GUN IN
HIS HIDE!

THOSE THE
YOUNG MAN
SHOULD YUH
KILL HIM!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!



DON'T WORRY IF THOSE
BULLETS DON'T FINISH
HIM OFF, THEY'LL FALL
TO THE BOTTOM OF
THE CLIFF WILL!

THAT'S
THE END OF
THE GREAT
HOPALONG!



POOR, GALLANT HOPALONG ----
TO DIE AT THE HANDS OF
THESE FOUR DESPERADOS
WITHOUT EVEN A CHANCE
TO FIGHT BACK!





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WORLDS
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HEY KIDS!

TELL MOM YOU WANT
TO CARRY A FRESH
HOME MADE LUNCH
IN YOUR OWN...

Aladdin **HOPALONG CASSIDY** CHUCK WAGON SCHOOL LUNCH KIT AND VACUUM BOTTLE



BRAND YOUR HOPPY KIT AS YOUR VERY
OWN - WITH A FREE NAME PLATE DECAL

TELL MOM THE BOTTLE HAS THE SWELL NEW
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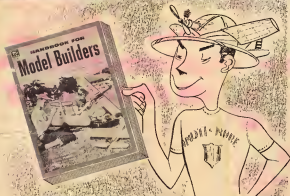


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